

yes! I understand why I am sad, and why even a departing year has its bitter thorn.

"One year ago! What loves, what schemes
Far into life!

What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,

Of all that beauty, life and joy,
Remain alone."

And yet, and yet! I feel that I am better because one year ago I *resolved*.

But the future—ah, mysterious word that, fraught with so much of uncertainty—the shadowy future is mine and God is mine. O future, I pause and tremble on thy shore, but for a moment,—ere I plunge deep down under the dark waters to toil, struggle, and build, like a tiny coral insect, for God and eternity. And this I do with new resolves:

1 I will take for my creed "I believe God."

My soul is sick of the scrawling that worms do make by their crawling in the dust, calling it wisdom. This alone rests my weary thoughts,—"*This hath God written.*"

2 I will make as my vow "God, whose I am and whom I serve."

This generation has not seen what the Father can do with one child, fully his own. Then do I want to make myself his very own, and tho I die unwept and unsung, I shall have moved the world for him.

3 I will take as a motto for this new year, "*Effects require causes.*"

Some one has said, "Cast the lucky man into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth." He will come up with a mouthful of mud and moss more likely. Labor is better than luck.

4 I will read on the guideposts at the forking of the road, "*What would Jesus do?*"

No life can far go wrong that follows the answer conscience gives to that question.

Thus I have penned my creed, made my vow, chosen my motto, and planted my guidepost. I will now plod on! Next New Year you will find me meditating with fewer regrets, tenting on higher planes, living nearer the stars.

Ring out the old! Ring in the new!
Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YEAR MEDITATION

J. M. BOWMAN

What! Nineteen Hundred and Two? O how some of us have just slipped away from God as these days have hurried by. We had no thought of doing it and yet we felt we were slipping and felt the hurt and peculiar loss. But we were drifting a little rebellious.

We had been unexpectedly and overwhelmingly disappointed. We had our plans and thought, they were all laid under the eye of God and to his glory. No self in it, but when it came it was hard to accept. A little rebellion instead of rejoicing in tribulation as Paul advises. We slipped a little and chilled and O, how many heart sorrows it cost us but we scarcely knew. May be busi-

ness rush for a time took us from the Bible and meditation and prayer and we slipped. We spoke less frequently of Christ and salvation and had no delight in the things of God. It is surprising how many things mar and scar the life in Christ, and how little of joy and rest in a life not in complete harmony and fellowship with him. O why do we suffer thus? Often because our little notions of how to enjoy life are slightly first. We fear the yielding wholly to Christ and letting him have us, may mean too great sacrifice. And O how many have never known the strength and rest of the inner court of daily fellowship but have always remained in the outer court. But in all this drifting and unrest we could lay nothing to the charge of God.

The risen Christ is at the right hand of God making intercession for us. And O how many many times we have had evidence of his careful watching and wise leading. We were just on the verge of some little venture but without knowing just why, dropped the matter. A little time gave further light and made it clear that it was the hand of God restraining. Many many times thousands have realized this and rejoiced in it, and then how he has opened ways. O how marvelously gracious the Lord has been all these days, even when we quarreled with him, or rather at him. But now the years are passing.

We will go back home to God. O how many many tired, hungry ones. A great army, and many to go for the first time. We will just tell it all out. Yes the Lord wants to hear it all, we will put it all into his keeping, and what peace and rest. O how gracious the Lord is! How he has poured out blessings! We will daily walk with him this new year.

San Diego, Cal.

The Look Backward

Once more we stand on the threshold of another New Year. It seems but a few days since we welcomed the present as the new, and now time has swept thru all the cycles of the seasons, and what was the New Year has become the old.

Look forward as we may with hope and cheer, some touches of sadness will be felt as we awaken to the consciousness that one more year has been added to our lives, and one more year taken away from the number allotted us as the period of our earthly existence.

In spite of our best efforts to think and speak cheerily, we are apt to feel as tho we had lost something of inestimable worth which can never be restored to us; and this sense of loss increases as we recall the failures of the year that has gone. Few, indeed, enjoy the feeling of having measured up to all their opportunities as they should have done; of having been as faithful to Christ, their fellowmen, and to themselves, as they might have been. And this sense of failure throws a shadow over the heart which no joy can wholly dissipate. Yet it is certain that if in looking backward we can see

only that which saddens us, we shall begin the New Year poorly qualified for its trials and duties.

The brevity of life is seen most clearly not simply by counting the years, but in looking upon this earthly existence in the light shed upon it by eternity; and eternity is full of profound significance for us to the extent that we are able to see its spiritual promises and possibilities. It is useless to tell a boy at school, who has no conception of the worth of manhood, that his youth is brief as compared with his manhood. Manhood has as little meaning for him as boyhood, and it matters little how soon one comes and the other goes. Let him, however, see manhood in its possibilities and promises, and youth becomes brief, not simply in years, but brief in the sense of the greatness of what is to be done during the years of youth if manhood is ever to fulfil its promises and realize its possibilities.

So with regard to our earthly existence. If the loss of a year only means that one less of the possible seventy remains in which you can rejoice in the light of the sun, it can scarcely be said that you have any true sense of the shortness of life. If eternity begins to unveil its sacredness and significance thru the truth made known in Jesus Christ; if in him you begin to see eternity's possibilities and promises for you—then indeed time becomes short; not only in the fewness of its years, but in the exceeding great preciousness of those years with reference to that life which is to come.

Perhaps you have begun at an early age, or at a later one, to find life so full of trouble and disappointment that you have ceased to care very much how soon it ends; perhaps, indeed, you have begun to long with a kind of hunger for rest in the grave. There are some, occasionally met, to whom life is filled with endless weariness, who are worthy of the kindest sympathy and the broadest charity; but, as a rule, distaste for life is a suspicious thing. There is nothing that will more quickly take the meaning out of life than indolence, selfishness and general badness. The ennui, of which we at one time read so much, was habitually given as the mental condition induced by satiety, ease, pleasure and dissipation, while many today may suffer from ennui who are not indolent and are far from being sated with pleasure, yet it is well-nigh certain that such a spiritual condition is the outcome of a serious moral and spiritual defect. It is to be observed that two of the most famous passages in Shakespeare, representing life in its shadowy and purposeless aspects, are uttered, the one by a man who most treacherously and foully murdered his good and lofty-minded king, and the other by an idle and vicious courtier, whose wit was his only attraction. It is Macbeth who says:

"Tomorrow and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps in this petty face from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time. And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the dusty